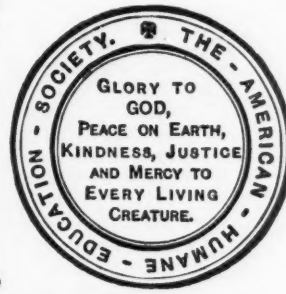


# Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.— COWPER.

Vol. 36.

Boston, October, 1903.

No. 5.



## "FIDDLING WHILE ROME WAS BURNING."

DEAR MR. ANGELL:— Under the above heading you make [in your September *Our Dumb Animals*] a pretty severe attack on the great educational convention of teachers recently held in Boston—namely, that they said not a word about *humane education*, which you regard as

"a hundred times more important to the future of our country than any subject that convention considered." Please tell me precisely what you would have teachers teach on this subject.

Answer. Everything that will tend to prevent cruelty and crime—everything that will tend to stop wars, riots,

strikes, and conflicts between capital and labor—everything that will make the children of the rich kinder to the poor, and the children of the poor kinder to the rich—everything that will tend to relieve both human and animal suffering, and make this world of ours a happier one for all living beings, both human and dumb. Education of intellect without education of heart is a curse, leading to wars, dishonesty, corruption and crime.

Poisonous adulterations of our foods, drinks and medicines are bad enough, but poisonous adulteration of a nation's life is infinitely worse.

Our country is full of wrongs to-day for which the permanent remedy can only come through a proper *humane education* in our higher institutions of learning

and in our hundred thousand public and private schools.

We should have professors of, or lecturers on, humanity in all our colleges, and humane education of teachers in all our public and private schools.

To the older classes great facts in the world's semi-barbarous history should be made familiar—to the younger, pictures, songs, stories, illustrations—humane books and papers, and "Bands of Mercy" to aid in promoting the objects of our American Humane Education Society, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### HAS IT PAID?

*Has it paid for our two Humane Societies to make such a vast distribution of humane literature gratuitously and at less than cost?*

*Has it paid to supply each month all the editors, clergy, lawyers, doctors, school superintendents and postmasters of Massachusetts, and thousands of police, drivers and others, with "Our Dumb Animals" without charge?*

*Has it paid to supply every month the editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in North America north of Mexico, with "Our Dumb Animals" without charge?*

*Has it paid to employ missionaries and organize or cause to be organized over fifty-five thousand branches, with over two millions members, of the "American Band of Mercy" formed in our offices a little over twenty years ago?*

*Has it paid to furnish these "Bands of Mercy" with outfits of humane literature, and each Band with a copy of "Our Dumb Animals" for one year without charge?*

*Has it paid to send out and cause to be sent out over the civilized world in various languages over three millions copies of "Black Beauty," perhaps the best missionary of humanity to God's lower creatures that has ever appeared in this world, and one of the best teachers to human beings of peace, temperance and nearly all the Christian virtues?*

*Has it paid to offer large prizes for the humane stories we are now publishing, and some of which we have sent, without charge, to the editors of all American publications in every city and nearly every town north of Mexico?*

*Has it paid for us to print in a single year about one hundred and seventeen millions and eighty thousand pages of humane literature, an amount perhaps exceeding all printed in similar time by all other of our Humane Societies throughout the entire world combined?*

To these questions tens of thousands of humane editorials and republications of our humane articles in American papers answer, Yes.

More than a hundred thousand letters from humane and Christian men and women received at our offices answer, Yes.

The large donations which have come to our two Societies from unexpected sources in our own and other and distant States to help on our great work answer, Yes.

If the Supreme Being who rules the universe in His infinite wisdom has determined the time has come for the dawning of that

better age sung by poets and foretold by prophets—the age of peace on earth and good will to all—then perhaps He will move His children to give us a hundred times the power we now have to go out into all the world and preach the gospel of kindness to every creature.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### PEACE ON EARTH.

In Europe to-day millions of men, the physical flower of the Continent, are marching and counter-marching, practising at targets, learning the use of bayonet and sabre, and performing as nearly as possible in sham fights the evolutions of actual war. It was so yesterday and last year, and through all the yesterdays of twenty years. Probably there are now some 20,000,000 Europeans not yet beyond middle life who have been trained to the fighter's profession, and who could at briefest notice take their place in the active army or in the reserve.

Every city has its barracks and parade grounds, every frontier frowns with a double row of fortifications. At the end of the nineteenth century Europe, from the Douro to the Don, is a camp, wherein ten times 300,000 of her able-bodied men are bivouacking, ready at a sign to spring to arms and slay each other.

#### WAR, PEACE AND PATRIOTISM.

(From Boston Herald, September 10.)

It is an uncommonly interesting interview that is published in the *New York World*, reporting the recent utterance of Lieut.-Gen. Miles on the proper spirit of this nation as regards war and peace. Gen. Grant, when he was waiting for death to relieve him from the torture of disease, uttered memorable words regarding the duty of conserving peace and avoiding all incitement of the warlike spirit. And so have many others of the world's great soldiers who performed their duty in the field when war was in progress, with faithful and triumphant valor. These warriors put to shame the pinchbeck soldiers who have little knowledge of war's horrors and evils, but, being filled with a patriotism more vainglorious than wise or noble, are continually preaching the glory of conflict and doing their best to arouse a sentiment that may be fired by the merest pretext to rush into unnecessary and disgraceful war.

#### McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

In the September issue of "Our Dumb Animals" we said that the discussions of the great twenty-five thousand teachers' convention in our city in July carried our thoughts back to that Roman emperor who fiddled while Rome was burning.

Saying nothing of the enormous increase of barbarity and crime in our country—the thousand strikes, including the coal strike of last winter—and the almost total neglect of humane education in our colleges and schools, we would ask all who doubt its importance to read the leading article on capital and labor in Chicago in September McClure's Magazine, and then consider whether we went too far in saying that the discussions of that convention reminded us of the Roman emperor who fiddled while Rome was burning.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY.

We should not wonder if the friendly visits of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Companies of England and America should do more to promote peace on earth than all the enormous sums our administration is proposing to spend on the new war vessels.

We would propose that the cost of one battleship be voted by Congress to invite and entertain two hundred prominent citizens of every civilized nation in the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### THE BATTLES OF THE FUTURE.

(From New Century Path, San Diego, Cal.)

Captain Negote, a German officer, thus describes the battles of the future:

The distance is 6,600 yards (nearly four miles) from the enemy. The artillery is in position, and the command has been passed along the batteries to fire. The enemy's artillery replies. Shells tear up the soil and burst. In a short time the crew of every gun has ascertained the distance of the enemy. Then every projectile discharged bursts in the air over the heads of the enemy, raining down hundreds of fragments and bullets on his position. Men and horses are overwhelmed by this rain of lead and iron. Guns destroy one another, batteries are mutually annihilated. In the midst of this fire the battalions advance.

Now they are but 2,200 yards away. Bullets in great handfuls deluge the field of battle.

Soon the earth is reddened with blood. The firing lines advance, battalions march after battalions; finally the reserves follow. Yet with all this movement in the two armies there remains a belt a thousand paces wide, separating them, swept by the fire of both sides, a belt in which no living being can stand for a moment.

Millions of cartridges, thousands of shells will cover the soil.

Melinite bombs will turn farmhouses, villages, and hamlets into dust, destroying everything that might be used as cover, obstacle, or refuge. The moment will come when half the combatants will be mowed down, dead and wounded in parallel rows, separated one from the other by that belt of a thousand paces swept by a cross-fire of shells which no living being can pass. The battle will continue with ferocity. But still these thousand paces unchangingly separate the foes. Which will have gained the victory?

#### A TWO THOUSAND MILE HORSE RACE.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1903.—Trooper Davis of the 8th United States Cavalry has reached West Point, being the first of a detachment of 12 troopers who started from Oklahoma 39 days ago on a test ride of 2000 miles, relays of horses being provided every thirty miles. The object was to cover the distance in the shortest practicable time.

Davis rode up the east bank of the Hudson after reaching New York, until near Garrison, where his horse gave out.

The ride is one of several taken to test the stamina of men and horses, at the suggestion of Gen. Young.—Boston Herald.

Would such a horse race ever have been ordered or permitted under the administrations of Abraham Lincoln or General Grant?

Is it not another indication of the devilish war spirit which is so rapidly growing in our country, and ought not all churches and all good citizens to vigorously oppose it?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## LEST WE FORGET.

A PRAYER FOR EVERY CHRISTIAN IN THIS  
YEAR OF OUR LORD 1903.

God of our fathers, known of old —  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine —  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —  
On dune and headland sinks the fire —  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the law —  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget.

RUDYARD KIPLING.



## EIGHTY-EIGHT PLANS FOR PREVENTING STRIKES.

As our readers know, we received from various parts of our country, in response to the prize offer of \$200 by our American Humane Education Society, eighty-eight plans for preventing strikes. They are in the hands of as good a committee as can be found in Boston—one appointed by our Governor—one by our Mayor, and the third by the two—but the gentlemen appointed are very busy men, and the subject being of infinite importance, it must involve time and discussion to decide, and we cannot tell just how soon we may be able to publish the result, though we shall hope to in our next issue.

## THE LABOR PROBLEM.

All men are brothers, and God is their father,  
He made the earth, with its blessings, for all,  
In His pure sight only meekness is mighty,  
Beyond His care not a sparrow can fall.

His is the gold; His is also the silver;  
His are the flocks on a thousand green hills.  
From the grand Orb of Day to the spring by the  
wayside

All is His own; each His purpose fulfils.

Man gains no riches by robbing his brother;  
Nor grows he poor when supplying his need.  
Each can enjoy but the portion God gives him;  
None may increase it by hoarding or greed.

Why should man strive for the wealth that must  
perish?

Why freeze his heart for the hard, yellow gold?  
Gold never purchased one smile of affection,  
Nor could it kindle a friendship grown cold.

Love is God's coin, with His image upon it,  
"In God We Trust" is its motto and sign;  
This is the coin which is current forever,  
Made in the mint of a nature divine.

Then, brother man, gain love for your brother!  
Cease from your warfare of hatred and tears!  
Be not content with the "flesh-pots of Egypt,"  
Gird on your strength for the day-star appears.

THE MAN AT THE GATE.

Respectfully submitted by

A. L. FISHER,  
18 Sacramento Place, Cambridge, Mass.

No true and permanent fame can be found except in labors for the happiness and good of mankind.

## POPE LEO XIII AND OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

A writer in the *Revue Historique* for July-August who has had access to Spanish diplomatic correspondence, clearly reveals that the late Pope Leo XIII made earnest endeavors to prevent the war between the United States and Spain. "His Christian and righteous statesmanship is conspicuous in this effort," says the *Boston Herald*, "and it will be one of his exaltations in history." In a telegram from the Spanish minister to the Vatican to the minister of foreign affairs at Madrid, Cardinal Rampolla, speaking in behalf of the Pope, says, among other things: "The President [of the United States] is desirous of adjusting the difficulty, but he is dragged along by Congress." "That statement is quite correct," comments the *Herald*. "President McKinley was dragged into that war against his better judgment by Congress, and by hot-headed jingoes, of whom Theodore Roosevelt was one of the most unreasonable, and by commercial interests which expected to make money out of a war. All the truth about this affair will come out in good time, and there is no reason for Americans to expect it will rebound to the honor of their government."

*Sacred Heart Review.*

Some of our readers may remember the resolution of our "American Humane Education Society" to President McKinley, thanking him for his efforts to prevent war with Spain—and our subsequent telegram to the president that if we were President of the United States, [which office we had no ambition to hold] we would not hesitate to say to Congress that "in the present state of negotiations with the Spanish Government we have no more right to force Spain into a war, and kill perhaps thousands of the young men compelled by draft to serve in her armies, than a pirate has to commit murder on the ocean or a highwayman to commit murder on the land."

## LET EACH MAN, EACH WOMAN, WITH A HEART, SAY:

"I am the voice of the voiceless,  
Through me the dumb shall speak,  
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear  
The wrongs of the wordless weak.

From the street, from cage, from kennel,  
From stable and zoo the wail  
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin  
Of the mighty against the frail.

Oh shame on the praying churchman  
With his uninstalled steed at the door,  
Where the Winters beat, with snow and sleet  
And the Summer sun rays pour.

Oh shame on the mothers of mortals  
Who have not stopped to teach  
Of the sorrow that lies in death's dumb eyes—  
The sorrow that has no speech.

The same force formed the sparrow  
That fashioned man, the king;  
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul  
To furred and feathered thing.

And I am my brother's keeper—  
And I will fight his fight,  
And speak the word for beast and bird  
Till the world shall set things right."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in *N. Y. Journal*.

## "DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

(While we live, let us live.)

[SOME FRIEND SENDS US THIS.]

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you meant to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you meant to send for their funerals, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them."

## CERTAINLY.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

"I notice you sometimes republish stories and other matter you have published before. Is it intentional?"

Certainly—The Sermon on the Mount has been read by thousands of persons a thousand times, and will be for a thousand years to come. It cannot be read too often.



## SIDE-HUNTING.

(From the Blandford, Mass., Monthly.)

We are thankful that our local hunters are not the monsters justly scored in an article quoted by the *Springfield Republican* from the *New York Tribune* on "The Inhuman Abomination Known as Side Hunting:"

"We had supposed that particular form of devilry to be no longer practised in this or any other civilized state, but to have been relegated to the infernal limbo of ratpits, bull baiting and breaking on the wheel. It seems that we were too optimistic."

A side hunt, we may explain for the benefit of readers not versed in criminal pathology, is conducted after this fashion: Two parties are organized, of from a dozen to several hundred men and boys each, armed with rifles and shotguns, and these set forth for a period of from one to many days to kill just as many wild creatures as possible, the side which kills the most being accounted the victor in the revolting contest. There is no pretense at killing for food, or fur, or feathers, or the destruction of pests, or for any utility whatever. All is game which comes within the range of their guns, useful and useless, harmful and harmless. . . . The object is to kill, not for any use, but for the sheer sake of killing. It is a species of devilry of which not even savages are guilty, but which is preserved for the depraved and blood-lusting products of civilization."

## THE AUTUMN WOODS.

What beauty in the autumn woods,  
Where, in the calm, deep solitude  
The amber sunshine finds its way,  
The checkered light and shadows play!  
Such beauty everywhere we turn,  
The moss-grown rock and drooping fern,  
The woodland flowers and trailing vines,  
The singing brooks and sighing pines,  
The murmur of the gentle breeze  
That stirs the yellow chestnut leaves,  
Till softly in the grasses brown  
The round and prickly burrs drop down.  
The maples are in bright array  
Of mottled gold and crimson gay;  
The oak in deepest scarlet dressed,  
In cloth of gold are all the rest,  
Except that now and then between  
There stands a tall, dark evergreen  
That sheds its spicy fragrance round  
And drops its cones upon the ground.  
With asters white and purple tinged,  
And golden-rod, the woods are fringed  
With scarlet berries peeping through  
Where wild grapes hang of purple hue,  
And dery fingered ivy clings,  
While milk-weed floats on downy wings.  
The crickets chirp and insects hum,  
For glorious autumn now has come.

EVA J. BERDE.

"I can't understand how Mrs. Smiley can waste so much of her time with her pet dog."

"Well, you would if you had ever met her husband."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

## HIS LAST SHOT.

Translated from Lamartine.

A harmless, happy roebuck bounded joyously over the wild thyme on the verge of the wood. Now and then I could see him above the heather, pricking his ears, butting in play, warming his dewy flanks in the rising sun, and browsing on the young shoots, in his innocent revel of solitude and safety.

I am a sportsman's son and spent my boyhood with my father's gamekeepers. I had never thought about the brutal instinct that leads man to find amusement in slaughter, and to destroy without necessity, justice, pity or right, animals who might equally claim to hunt and slay him if they were as ruthless, well armed and savage in their pleasures as he is in his. My dog was on the alert, my gun pointed, the deer right ahead. I did feel a certain hesitation and remorse at cutting short such a life—such joy and innocence in a creature that had never harmed me, and that delighted in the same sunshine, the same dew, the same morning freshness, that I did; created by the same Providence, perhaps endowed in a different degree with the same thought and sensibility, perhaps bound in the same ties of affection and relation-

ship—looking for his brother, waiting for his mother, his mate, his little one. But Nature's recoil from murder was overborne by the mechanical instinct of habit. I fired. The roebuck fell, his shoulder broken by the shot, and his blood reddening the turf on which he vainly struggled in his agony.

When the smoke dispersed I approached, pale and shuddering at my misdeed. The poor, lovely creature was not dead. It looked at me, its head sunk on the grass, its eyes swimming in tears. Never shall I forget that look, to which amazement, suffering, and untimely death seemed to give a human depth of feeling quite as intelligible as words—for the eye has its language, and most of all when about to close forever. That look said distinctly, with a heart-rending reproach for my wanton cruelty, "What are you? I do not know you; I never offended you. Perhaps I should have loved you. Why have you struck me with death? Why have you snatched from me my share of sky and breeze, of light and joy and life? What will become of my mother, my mate, my fawn, waiting for me in the brake, to see only these torn tufts of hair and these drops of blood on the heather? Is there not up above an avenger for me and a judge for you?"

This is literally what the eyes of the wounded deer seemed to say. I understood and reproached myself as if it had spoken with a voice. "Put an end to me now," it seemed to say, too, by the grief in its eyes and the helpless shiver in its limbs. I would have given anything to undo what I had done. Alas! the most merciful close to my pitiless work was to shoot my poor victim once more, and so put it out of its misery. Then I flung the gun away, and in truth shed tears of which I am not ashamed. My dog knew something of my meaning; he did not stir, but lay beside me sad and abashed, as if he mourned with me and the victim of this cruel, wanton sacrifice.

I abandoned forever the brutal pleasure of murder, the sportsman's savage despotism which, without need, right or pity, takes away the life that he cannot restore. I swore to myself never again to cut short in my caprice an hour of sunshine enjoyed by these denizens of the woods and by the birds of heaven, who taste, like us, the transient ecstasy of light and the more or less vague consciousness of existence under the same sky as ourselves.

We care not how exalted the position of those who enjoy killing for the sport of killing. They are simply savages, caring nothing [beyond their own circle] for either human or animal suffering.

## THE FOREST GREETING.

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,  
Wherever the forests call;  
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,  
And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,  
Wherever the north winds blow;  
But what of the stag that calls for his mate?  
And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,  
But ah! we are bold and strong;  
But our triumph call through the forest hall  
Is a brother's funeral song.

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,  
And dim is the forest track;  
But the sportsman Death comes striding on:  
Brothers, the way is black.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

September Century.

(From Special Dispatch to Boston Herald.)

LEWISTON, Me., Sept. 15, 1903.—A Lewiston man who has been travelling in northern Maine states that all along the Bangor and Aroostook railroad game is being slaughtered. A few days ago at Eagle Lake the body of a cow moose was found in the woods, with a young moose slowly starving nearby. The mother had been shot and died from her wounds. An old guide who lives in the vicinity said he found the bodies of four cow moose lying in the woods. They had been shot and left to die. No part of their bodies had been cut off.

[Shot for the fun of wounding and killing them.]

## TEDDY ROOSEVELT, JR.

(From Boston Herald, Sept. 19th.)

Teddy Roosevelt, Jr.'s tremendous desire to kill things, as expressed by himself, makes it clear that he would rather have the carcass of a tame deer and the sport of shooting it than to own the living creature.

[A wide difference between Teddy Roosevelt, Jr.'s humanity and that of Abraham Lincoln—General Grant, who would not attend a horse-race, and General Sherman, who declared "war is hell."—EDITOR.]

## TO BEAT FATHER'S RECORD.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR. WILL TRY TO OUTRIDE THE PRESIDENT IN TRAVERSING THE BLACK HILLS.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

DEADWOOD, S. D., Aug. 24, 1903.—Young Teddy Roosevelt will attempt to outride his father and to make a better showing on horseback for one day than the president did on his famous ride from Laramie to Cheyenne last spring. It is said here that the young man made a bet with the president. The latter's trip was about 60 miles, and relays of horses were stationed at short intervals. Col. Seth Bullock superintended that ride and will do the same for young Roosevelt. The trip will be over rougher ground than was the president's, as young Teddy will go through the heart of the Black Hills. The route is 70 miles long, 10 miles longer than the president's.

The following letter appeared in *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, of February 25th, 1868:—

To the Editors of *The Boston Daily Advertiser*.

In your paper of this morning, I see that the race on Saturday terminated in the death of the winning horse. [I had not then heard of the death of the other.] I find also that the horse was driven over the rough roads of that day the whole distance from Boston to Worcester, and drawing two men, at an average speed of fifteen and two-sevenths miles per hour. It seems to me that it is high time for somebody to take hold of this matter in earnest and see if we can not do something in Boston, as others have in New York, to stop this cruelty to animals. And I wish further to say through your columns, that I, for one, am ready to contribute both time and money; and if there is any society or person in Boston with whom I can unite, or who will unite with me, in this matter, I shall be glad personally or by letter to be informed. Boston, Feb. 24, 1868. GEO. T. ANGELL.

This letter resulted in the formation of our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," our "American Humane Education Society" and the over fifty-five thousand "Bands of Mercy" already formed. When that letter was written a man could starve his animals to death in Massachusetts without fear of punishment. The punishment for cruelty to animals now may be two hundred and fifty dollars fine and a year's imprisonment.

## SAVED HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.

A kind friend in Cartersville, Georgia, writes us a most interesting account of how her daughter succeeded in saving her husband's life from a furious bull, by throwing her mantle over the bull's head, and credits us for the suggestion in "Our Dumb Animals."

We have been made happier many times by the thought that we have been so fortunate as to have twice saved a human life—once from fire, and once from drowning, and are most glad to know that our suggestion may have saved another.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## GENERAL MILES.

We are glad to read that the last general order issued by General Miles, aside from his valedictory, was to prevent the docking or mutilating the tail of any horse in the army.



THREE FRIENDS.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

## MY DOG BERNIE.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

Cool and shady through summer weather,  
Bernie and I tramp off together;  
Into the park, with its monarchs old,  
Oaks and chestnuts with tassels of gold,  
Purling streams and the voice of birds—  
A heaven of beauty too sweet for words.

Out into meadows a-bloom with clover,  
Bernie and I the wide-world over  
Could tramp together in joy complete;  
Big and shaggy, and white and yellow,  
From the far-off Alps, a noble fellow,  
No friend or lover more true or tried  
Than the brown-eyed creature who walks by  
my side,  
Or sleeps alert at my resting feet.

Better than gold is his love for me;  
Almost human in sympathy;  
Others may change or love me less,  
He is the same in deep distress  
As in days of pleasure; a willing slave,  
Trusting and guarding, as mild as brave;  
Bernie and I could tramp together,  
Happy in cold or summer weather.

## SAVED BY A DOG.

WARE, MASS.—The family of Owen McMahon were nearly asphyxiated by escaping coal gas at their home on Prospect street early Wednesday morning. They owe their narrow escape to the intelligence of their pet dog, who aroused them from their heavy slumber. The dog awoke Mr. McMahon about four o'clock by pawing his face and running about the room whining loudly. At first Mr. McMahon paid no attention to this, as the dog is in the habit of arousing him every morning about 6.30. But when he told him to lie down he ran from room to room whining louder than ever, and Mr. McMahon thinking something was wrong arose to investigate, and found the house filled with coal gas, and all of the family seemed badly affected. It was found that the door in the heating stove in the dining-room had been left open and the gas had been escaping all night. Mr. McMahon was affected but little owing to the fact that he opened his window before retiring. His son, Joseph, was the most seriously affected and did not fully recover until last evening.

## OUR FRIEND'S DOG.

He says in our home we have a shaggy little dog, worth his weight in silver, as an insurance against thieves and burglars. A member of the family may make any kind of noise or disturbance in the night and our little dog keeps silent, but let a stranger touch a window or a door at any time of the night and instantly he gives an alarm. He is a little fellow, but beggars and pedlers are glad to get out of the door yard when he goes for them. Some of his experiences with them have been most amusing. Sometimes he has things thrown at him, but he never gets hit. The door bell hardly ever rings without his being at the door within one minute, no matter in what part of the house he may be, and he welcomes every visitor and seems as delighted to see them as any member of the family. Several pages of your paper might be filled with stories of his intelligence. Some days ago he took from our wife's work basket a cake of wax, for which we called him to account. The next time he came to our rooms we said to our good wife, "There's the thief that stole your wax." With tail between his legs he left as suddenly as though he had been threatened with a shot gun. If he does not understand a great deal that we say his actions in many cases cannot be accounted for.

## A VERMONT SHEPHERD DOG.

Here is a true story of a Vermont sheep-dog which Scotchmen will find it hard to match: Captain C——, of Bradford, Vt., had a "shepherd-dog" which was accustomed to bring home the cows at night, always separating them from the other cattle and never allowing any but milk cows to come up. One day Capt. C—— accompanied the dog in driving the cows to pasture. At one place on the road the captain was surprised to see the dog desert the herd and take to the woods by the side of the road. The captain went on with the cattle, which were walking briskly in advance. Within a quarter of a mile they came to a break in the fence, of which the captain had no knowledge, leading into a field; and here, in the gap of the fence, sat the dog in a matter-of-fact way, guarding it against the entrance of the cattle. What else could his master suppose than that the dog was aware of the gap in the fence, and, knowing that the man would bring up the cattle, made a detour through the woods to the place to prevent the cattle from going into the field.—Boston Transcript.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more than any amount of yelling.

My girl had come home from vacation.  
Her skin was burned brown as could be.  
"I hope you have not been a tomboy,"  
I said, as she flopped on my knee.  
"You're no longer a schoolgirl, my darling;  
You must cultivate grace and repose.  
Did you read those good books that I sent you?"—  
But here she turned up her dear nose.  
"I met a nice fellow from Boston,"  
She said; "a most cultured young man.  
We devoted our days unto 'Browning,'  
And that's how I got this fine tan."

New York Herald.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

## OUR BAND OF MERCY.

HYMN BY MRS. JUDGE NASH.

Tune—"America."

With banner and with song,  
We come, a happy throng,  
To celebrate  
The birth of this our Band,  
Which lifts the blessed wand  
Of mercy o'er the land,  
With power great.  
It urges mercy kind  
To all whom we may find  
In want or woe;  
Or man, or beast, or bird,  
Where saddest plaints are heard,  
It bids each heart be stirred  
To mercy show.  
Upon our banner's side,  
Love, mercy, we inscribe,  
And may the sight  
Inspire us with a zeal  
To work for others' weal,  
And in each sad appeal  
Side with the right.

## FROM THE "REFORMATORY RECORD."

It is a source of regret that it is impossible to place in our columns all the good things that are found in "Our Dumb Animals." From beginning to end its pages are filled with the spirit of love and kindness for all God's creation.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1903.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

### BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

### TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

### OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty-five thousand five hundred and fourteen.



### NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

### HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the monthly meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 16th ult., Vice-President Hill reported the number of animals examined, in the investigation of cases since the August report, 2,017.

The number of animals taken from work was 94, and 82 horses and other animals were mercifully killed.

New "Bands of Mercy" have been formed, making a total of 53,514.

### OUR UNPAID AGENTS.

Fault is sometimes found with our unpaid agents for not more vigorously enforcing the laws. If their fellow-citizens, instead of complaining, would put their hands in their pockets and pay these agents something, and give them a good strong backing of local influence, much good might result.

It is not a pleasant duty for an unpaid agent [with no backing] to make local enemies. But if prominent citizens or "Bands of Mercy" will call upon them they can, like officers of the law in other cases, enforce the laws without making personal enemies. We get much help from many of our unpaid agents—and some help from nearly all of them.

We need thirty paid agents instead of eight, and are trying to build up through our Bands of Mercy and otherwise a humane sentiment which, we hope, will in time give us all we want.

### OUR "HUMANE BUILDING."

It is suggested that our proposed new building shall be named "*The Humane Building*"—that in the most prominent part of it shall be inscribed the names of its givers and the objects for which it is erected: "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature.*"

### HUMANE CARS FOR POULTRY.

We are glad to learn from our friend, Mr. Francis A. Osborn, that a National Poultry Car Company, for the more humane and profitable transportation of poultry, has been incorporated, and has commenced its good work. For particulars write Mr. Osborn at 43 Milk Street.

### "THE NEW PRIESTHOOD," BY OUIDA.

A friend sends us this book published in England. It is, we think, perhaps the most astounding statement of the tortures inflicted upon dumb animals, in vivisection, and of the dangers they bring to human beings and to the medical profession, that has ever appeared in print.

We rise from its reading with the earnest wish that it might be read by all the physicians of America.

No man in Massachusetts has a more profound admiration than we have for the men, who, moved by the highest humanity and the deepest sense of their responsibility, have chosen to devote themselves to the relief and prevention of suffering, and the saving of life in the sick chambers and hospitals; and no man has a deeper sense of the importance to the coming generation that all our medical schools shall send out this kind of men to bless the world.

Among the physicians of Massachusetts, all of whom receive this paper every month, are many—very many such noble-hearted men. We wish they would read this "*New Priesthood*" and then tell us whether its statements are false or partly or wholly true.

### ANONYMOUS COMPLAINTS.

All persons making complaints will please give their names, which will not be made known if they so request. We have only eight paid agents for the whole state, and cannot attend to anonymous complaints.

### A PEN PICTURE.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

This morning, in walking through a grove of fruit and shade trees, one of the first things that caught my gaze was your "*Protection to Birds Placard*" fastened to a tree.

In this grove is a fine dwelling. I found the owner, a man nearly eighty-four years of age, who invited me to see how he feeds the wild birds. He has made a circular platform about four feet in height, with a railing, and supported by a pedestal, all nicely painted. This platform is close to his door under a tree, and here he feeds all the birds that come.

### A CRUEL WRETCH.

It isn't fair to give a Detroit girl away, possibly, but truth will out, even in a newspaper. Detroit has one among its countless pretty girls who was in the country, and one day she happened out toward the cow-lot about milking time and was asking the man several questions.

"Why don't you milk that cow?" she asked, pointing to one in an adjoining lot.

"Because she's dry, Miss."

"Dry?"

"Yes, Miss. She's been dry for two weeks."

"You cruel wretch," she exclaimed; "why don't you give her some water?" and the man turned his face to the cow-house and shook with emotions he could not suppress.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### FUNNY LETTERS.

"Are Mr. Angell's addresses to the Boston Public Schools published monthly? If so please tell me the price."

"I think a man in this city (Lynn) is starving his horse, but will not give you my name or his. Please send one of your agents to investigate."

The above compare very well with a letter requesting us to have all our electric car tracks so changed that they shall cross no street on grade, and another requesting us to write a "*Life of Christ*" for young people, which we answered by saying that we did not believe we could write a better life of Christ for either young or old people than has been already written in the New Testament.

### EDWIN RUTHVEN WEEKS, PRESIDENT OF THE KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, HUMANE SOCIETY.

It is to this gentleman we owe the gathering of twenty-five thousand "*Band of Mercy*" children in the great hall of his city [probably the largest hall in America].

Among the various offices held by Mr. Weeks is that of President of The National Electric Light Association.

We have been glad recently to add his framed portrait to the art treasures in our offices. He is now in the prime of life, and we regard him as likely to be one of the most prominent leaders of our country in the great and growing field of humane education.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

On reflection, we add an extract from his kind letter:

"Let me urge you to take the best care of yourself, both for the sake of your friends and for the good of the cause which still needs the big heart, keen intellect and high moral courage of him who has done more than any other to make the Golden Rule big with blessings for all living things.

Yours very truly,

EDWIN R. WEEKS."

In our 81st year we would rather have letters like this than all the L.L.D.'s of all the colleges in Christendom.





Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over fifty-five thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word harmless from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

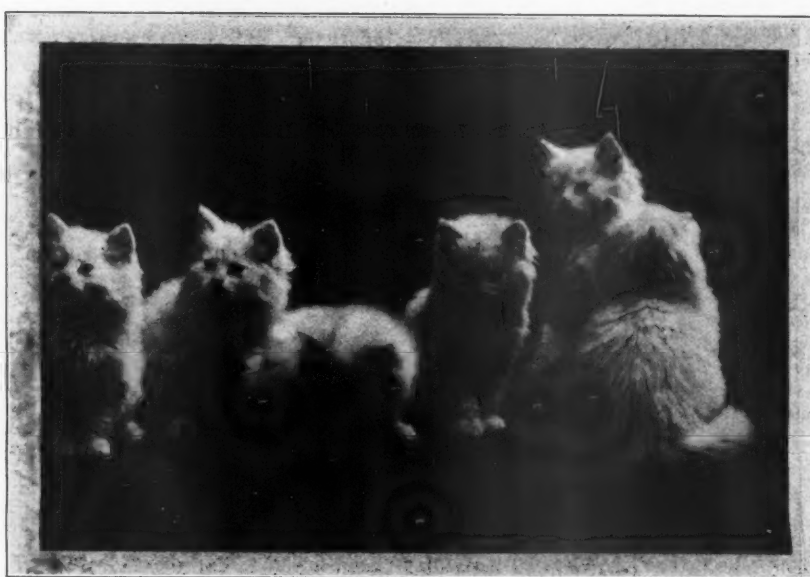
Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



From "Cat Journal," Palmyra, N. Y.

## FRITZ.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS THAT A CAT FOUND USEFUL AFTER TWO YEARS ABSENCE.

Fritz is a large gray and white cat. Fritz and his mother, Gyp, belong to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heath. Both are cats of unusual size and beauty. Fritz is an amateur acrobat of considerable ability, and will roll over, jump through a hoop and turn somersaults at word of command.

Two years ago there was mourning in the house of Heath. Fritz had suddenly disappeared. At night Gyp came into the house, sniffed at the basket she and Fritz had occupied together since the latter's kittenhood, and walked disconsolately away. The Heaths thought perhaps their pet had been carried across the canal and could not get back, so they wandered in Finegan Avenue and the purlieus of the Fourth Ward, and searched diligently, but he could not be found. Time heals broken hearts, and as the months passed all but Gyp forgot the missing member of the household. She could not be induced to go near the accustomed bed still kept for her by the fire, and refused to be comforted.

A little more than two weeks ago she jumped into the basket for the first time since Fritz's disappearance, and lying down began to purr contentedly. A few days afterward Mr. Heath and his wife returned from an evening call. A cat, which they in the darkness supposed to be Gyp, was crying on the doorstep, and as they opened the door it ran into the hallway and out again as quickly. Later in the evening Mrs. Heath heard crying at the door, and, being possessed of a tender heart towards suffering animals, proposed going down to bring in the poor thing, which had proved not to be Gyp, and give it something to eat. As she opened the door the cat darted into the hallway and up the stairs to the Heath apartments. When it came into the lighted sitting-room Mrs. Heath exclaimed, "Why, Tom, it's Fritz."

Hearing his name, Fritz bounded into Mrs. Heath's lap, from hers to her husband's, turned somersaults, rolled over and performed all the tricks he had been taught, as if to thoroughly identify himself, or to express his joy at getting home. There was little doubt then of its being Fritz, but to make assurance doubly sure a small stick was thrown down the stairs into the dark hallway.

"Go get it, Fritz," said Mr. Heath, and the cat darted downstairs, returning instantly with the stick triumphantly balanced in his mouth—a trick, by the way, common enough with retrievers, but that few cats have ever been taught to perform. After a good supper the reclaimed Fritz went straight to the basket behind the stove and cuddled down contented. Gyp, seeming at once to recognize her prodigal son, fell on his neck and kissed him.

Fritz now stays very closely at home. His two years' absence seems to have given him an increased regard for the shadows of the family roof tree.

A strange question, and one which should interest psychologists, is this: Did the old cat receive some

telepathic information that Fritz was about to return, which dispelled her aversion to the basket, or was it simply a coincidence?—Syracuse Journal.

## HODGE, THE CAT.

Burley and big, his books among  
Good Samuel Johnson sat,  
With frowning brows and wig askew,  
His snuff-strewn waistcoat far from new;  
So stern and menacing his air

That neither "Black Sam" nor the maid  
To knock or interrupt him dare—  
Yet close beside him, unafraid,  
Sat Hodge, the cat.

"This participle," the Doctor wrote,  
"The modern scholar cavils at,  
But"—even as he penned the word  
A soft protesting note was heard.  
The Doctor fumbled with his pen,  
The dawning thought took wings and flew,  
The sound repeated came again—  
It was a faint reminding "Mew!"

From Hodge, the cat.  
"Poor pussy!" said the learned man,  
Giving the glossy fur a pat,  
"It is your dinner time, I know,  
And—well, perhaps I ought to go;  
For if Sam every day were sent  
Off from his work your fish to buy,  
Why—men are men—he might resent,  
And starve or kick you on the sly—  
Eh! Hodge, my cat?"

The Dictionary was laid down—  
The Doctor tied his vast cravat,  
And down the buzzing street he strode,  
Taking an often-trodden road,  
And halted at a well-known stall:  
"Fishmonger," spoke the Doctor, gruff,  
"Give me six oysters—that is all;  
Hodge knows when he has had enough—  
Hodge is my cat."

Then home; Puss dined, and while in sleep  
He chased a visionary rat,  
His master sat him down again,  
Rewrote his page, renibbled his pen;  
Each I was dotted, each T was crossed;  
He labored on for all to read,  
Nor deemed that time was waste or lost  
Spent in supplying the small need  
Of Hodge, the cat.

That dear old Doctor! fierce of mien,  
Untidy, arbitrary, fat,  
What gentle thoughts his name unfold!  
So generous of his scanty gold,  
So quick to love, so hot to scorn,  
Kind to all sufferers under heaven—  
A tenderer despot ne'er was born;  
His big heart held a corner even  
For Hodge, the cat.

SUSAN COOLIDGE, in Wide Awake.

## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

## "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

## PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2.) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3.) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4.) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5.) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

## OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

*Black Beauty*, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

*Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire*, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

*Some of New York's "400,"* in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

*For Pity's Sake*, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

*Beautiful Joe* at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

## "NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

## "FOR PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

In past numbers of our paper we have said that various friends had given us donations to aid in gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which every one reads with pleasure, and having read, wants every one else to read. We are sorry to add that the fund given for its distribution is now exhausted, but to those who wish to buy it the price for our edition [which we sell at bare cost] is ten cents per copy, post-paid, and the cloth-bound edition we are kindly permitted by its author, Mrs. Carter, to sell at sixty cents, or post-paid seventy cents per copy.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

## SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &amp;c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

## FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

## WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanised iron pipes.
- (3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4.) When gripple or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes



## A HORSE'S DEVOTION.

"One of the strangest instances of animal devotion of which I ever heard was that of the favorite horse of my brother, Major Frederick W. Matteson," said Mrs. Clara M. Doolittle, a tenement inspector, the other day. "During the civil war after my brother reached Corinth, Miss., as a major in the Illinois Yates sharpshooters, he was stricken with fever and soon died.

"During my brother's illness his favorite horse Sahib was tethered a mile away from the wilderness of tents in a small cleared enclosure. One morning the groom, who visited the horse daily, was unable to find it, and after searching for hours came to report the loss to my brother. Imagine his surprise to find the animal contentedly standing in the tent with its head touching my sick brother's breast.

"The horse had broken away from where it had been tied and found its way to the tent alone. It persisted in staying near the tent, and the soldiers, moved by its devotion, did not attempt to drive it away. A few days later Sahib, without a bridle, followed the ambulance which carried the body of his master. For three days after my brother's death the horse refused to touch food, and was inconsolable."

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## A MALDEN [MASS.] PHYSICIAN.

A Malden physician had an adventure some time ago which he does not care to repeat, although it gave him a much higher appreciation of the intelligence of his pet driving horse than he had previously entertained. He was returning home from visiting a patient late at night, in company with a clergyman, when the horse stopped short at one of the most dangerous grade-crossings within the city's limits. Absorbed in lively conversation with his clerical friend, and seeing no gate down, he mechanically touched the horse with the whip and urged it by his voice to go forward. But the spirited animal, for once, would not respond, and instead of obeying stepped briskly aside and turned his head as far as possible from the train which just then whizzed by at the rate of forty miles an hour. It was a close call for the occupants of the carriage, who sat breathless through the moments of terrible suspense, but the horse maintained its attitude of a half-circle until the danger was passed. It seems that the gatekeeper was asleep at his post and had neglected his duty, but the delicate ears of the horse had detected the sound of the coming train, and had rightly interpreted it as the signal of a danger to be avoided. Both men were firmly convinced that they owed their lives, under Providence, to the intelligent use the animal made of its former experiences with grade-crossings, and nothing but a farm "down east" with a radium mine on it would now tempt its owner to part with it.

LISTENER, in Boston Transcript.

## CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN ON HORSE DOCKING.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

When, after reading the Register this morning, I walked out into my corral and petted my ponies as they switched off the flies with their long, bushy tails, I could not forbear congratulating them on living in a region where, although intellectual culture is not its crowning glory, such barbarism as exists in Boston is unknown. There is not a cow-boy in these mountains who would mutilate a horse in the manner you describe, and which, with tears in my eyes, I have so often seen. A man anywhere who calls himself a gentleman belies the same when he is the instigator of such an outrage upon humanity, and no woman who encourages it can lay claim to belonging to the gentler sex. On the road or in the park I will never ride in company with a person, male or female, who is mounted on a docked-tailed animal. Democrat as I am, had I a vote in Massachusetts, it would be cast for her humane governor, who set such an example, not only to his staff, but to his constituents [by refusing to ride himself, or permitting any of his staff to ride a mutilated horse].

When I meet ladies in the streets coming from the libraries loaded down with the literature of the past and of the present, and see them again lolling in carriages behind horses that have been deprived of a part of their backbones, I cannot but compare them

## WHAT CAN CAPITALISTS DO TO LESSEN THE CONFLICTS BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR?

(1.) Avoid all public displays of wealth which tend to make the poor more dissatisfied.

(2.) Do to the deserving poor whenever and wherever you meet them precisely what you would like to have them do to you if they were rich and you were poor.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



to their disadvantage with Western ranch girls, who have infinitely more heart. May I ask these blue stockings to lay aside for one day their cumbersome folios of metaphysics and romance, and to stop at a book-stand to buy a copy of "Black Beauty," take it home, and read it? There will be repentant sinners in your midst, and the fair penitents will bring an influence on men that will make them gentle.

JOHN CODMAN.

Soda Springs, Idaho.

## A SKETCH OF MRS. STEVENS' HORSE "MADGE."

[Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens is the President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.]

The above sketch has an additional interest to us, as the boat in which we got our daily exercise rowing during several years, bore the same name—"Madge."

The night that Madge came to us I followed my mother to the stable, where we soon were joined by an old gentleman who knew much about horses. He looked Madge over critically, and expressed a doubt as to her future usefulness, not that she was an old horse or a sick one, but because she was so thin and nervous. She had been a city horse and had been allowed to go at highest speed over pavements and under excitement, and her nervous temperament was sadly affected. My mother, however, did not seem disheartened by the gentleman's opinion, and she began a system of good feeding, careful driving, and, more than all, loving kindness. The result was soon manifest. Whenever possible the road was carefully chosen and the tired feet grew stronger. The horse in an incredibly short time became fat, and although she never lost the spirit which was natural to her, it became less akin to nervousness.

Her intelligence was something remarkable. If a part of the harness chanced to break or slip she would come to a full stop and remain quiet until investigation was made and the damage repaired. If, when waiting for her mistress to come from a house to which she had gone, Madge chanced to begin to nibble at a tree, a tap on the window sufficed to cause her to step back and let the tree alone. If she became frightened at a band of music she would stand and tremble, never doing anything vicious or dangerous, but as soon as the band passed her swift legs would put distance between herself and the cause of her annoyance.

Madge knew as well as any of us when Sunday came. Let me tell you how we know this. About two miles from our house is a little church which we

used to pass on Sunday morning. Although on week days Madge took no notice of this meeting place, on Sunday she would rush by, that she might get out of the way of the bell, which was particularly distasteful to her. No matter if the bell had not begun ringing, still she hurried by, knowing that on Sunday it was sure to ring. A few rods from this church was a railroad track, over which on week days she would almost fly, for she greatly feared the steam cars. On Sunday she would walk demurely over it, feeling secure in the fact that trains seldom went across that track on the Sabbath. She was afraid of many things, but so intelligent was she that she was not an unsafe horse.

Under the hands of my mother she was gentleness itself. All my life I have been used to horses, having ridden and driven one of the most refractory creatures imaginable, but I confess that I feared to drive Madge. She was the only good horse of whom I felt afraid, because of her great spirit and quickness when driving. She understood this, and the few times that she and I went away by ourselves she walked nearly every step of the way, as demure as a cow, not for a moment recognizable as Madge Wild-fire, after whom she was in some respects correctly named.

Madge was a pretty creature, bay in color, with a beautiful head and expressive eyes and ears. Her gait was rapid, but her sprightly appearance made it seem even faster than it was. A boy once said to me, "Does your mother's horse go as fast as she looks to be going?"

Behind her have ridden many of the noted temperance women of this and other lands. She has carried her mistress on numberless errands of mercy and to many temperance meetings, and on organizing trips about the surrounding country. Mrs. Stevens estimates that during her life Madge traveled 50,000 miles in the interests of temperance. Her last public appearance was at a pet show given by the Stroudwater Loyal Temperance Legion. She received much attention and seemed to comprehend the love and admiration shown her.

A year ago, when about thirty years old, she went—where shall we say? Believing that faithfulness, intelligence and love can never die, I like to think that Madge is in some heaven of her own—perhaps in the place for animals known to the Indians as a "Happy Hunting Ground," and to some of the great souls of the earth as an after life.—Young Crusader.

Portland, Me.

Be not provoked when opinions differ from your own.


## WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity *to say a kind word or do a kind act* that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

 New Bands of Mercy will be published in next O. D. A.

### LOTS OF OUR READERS.

Lots of our readers will read this child-story with pleasure:

#### AN APPLE MISSION.

One day, upon answering a gentle ring at my door-bell, I found a sweet little girl, five or six years old, waiting to see me. A tiny white handkerchief was folded across her shoulders and down to a point at the waist. On her left arm hung a red and black calico stocking-bag. A quaint, curious little figure she was. *Her errand was as singular as her appearance.*

"Will you let me mend stockings for you this morning, ma'am, or mittens? I will mend for five cents an hour, and I can mend torably well, drama says."

I drew her into the sitting-room, gave her a small chair by the fire, and said, "Now, my dear, why do you want to mend stockings for me?"

Without appearing to heed my question, she gravely drew from her bag a gray stocking with a nicely mended heel.

"Here," she said, "is a hole I mended for drama yesterday. Proberly you would like a zample."

I praised the neatly darned "hole" and repeated my question. She smiled, and said brightly, "Oh, yes, drama said I should have to 'splain to you 'bout my 'siety because you might not know all about it. You see there's ten of them, and they're very tired at night, and apples rest them. You know horses like apples dretful much. Every horse has to have an apple, and sometimes they're so tired they have to have two, and that's manyer than drama's dot, and so I have to mend things and det some money. Drama said I must tell peoples all about it. Do you un'stan' now?"

I assured her that I was very sorry for the tired horses, and that she should mend for me an hour a day for a long time. At this the demure little mouth broke into lively smiles as she said, "Oh, dood, dood!" and began at once to open her bag and hunt for a thimble and needle, while I went to find her some work.

She said little as she worked, but gave such attention as would bring great skill to many a grown mender. Once she stopped her work a moment, and said, speaking slowly, "Oh, one day I didn't know what I sodd do, I didn't have one apple left, not one for drama. I save a soft one for her. She's dood, drama's very dood. You see one of the men whipped his horse, and so I had to give him an apple, too; I gave him drama's apple, and then he didn't whip his horse no more. I was sorry for drama; but she didn't care any when I 'splaind to her; she dest dived me a love pat."

"A love pat! What's that?" I inquired.

"Oh, don't you know? It's dest a soft, dentle, little pat on your cheek. I like love pats. Hain't you dot any little dir'l?"

"Not now, my dear. God took my little girl away to heaven when she was about as old as you are."

"Did he? Then perhaps he dave her to my mamma. Dood's dot my mamma, too."

Something made me bend down and kiss her sweet cheek. She looked up quickly and said, "If my mamma's dot your little dir'l, then I must come and mend for you, mustn't I? I tould bring my things and stay, only I tan't leave drama, tourse."

She looked up at me with sweet blue-gray eyes, clear and pure as the sky, eyes whose light shone in upon and brightened the deep shadow of my own loss.

"And what will you do in summer, little one, when there are no apples? Will you give each horse a lump of sugar?"

"Tan I? Oh, of tourse, horses would like that. Yes, that's dest what I'll do."

"How came you to have your 'siety, as you call it?"

"Well, you know, the minister said I must be a little 'deavorer, and help people; and so I found the horses. Some of them draw toal all day, and then

they're dest dretful tired; and I know I ought to help them, tause they touldn't talk and tell anybody."

When the mending was finished—very neatly, too, for the work of such small hands—she put away needle and thimble very seriously, and went home "to see 'bout drama."

After a few days I hunted up my little friend's home, which proved to be scarcely a square away. For a few rods the road approached the house by a steep incline. I was fortunate in the time of my visit. "Drama" was going to have a load of coal, a little too heavy a load, evidently, for the horse. About midway up the hill the heavy wheels seemed to settle down to stay, and the horse after some patient tugging seemed to become discouraged. At length, in the midst of whipping and scolding, the tiny little figure of my stocking mender appeared by the roadside. She seemed to have by instinct the fact of an accomplished strategist and the kindness of an angel. Soon she said with a smile, "It's pretty hard work to drive a coal team, ain't it?"

The driver glanced down annoyed, but the sight of her small figure and sweet face made his features relax a little at once.

Perceiving her slight advantage, she said immediately, "I think I sodd try a love pat."

The man broke into a laugh, and said, "That's so chick. How'll I do it?"

"Pat his neck very softly with your hand, very softly, and I'll dive him this apple; then he'll proberly pull better," she replied, and stepped at once in front of the horse, and reached up to him a fine red apple. The driver doubled up with laughter for a moment, and then actually patted the neck of the horse gently and lovingly, while the poor beast munched his apple.

"Now I dess if the load ain't too big he tan pull it," said the child. Surely he could and did.

"Maybe you're tired too, and would like an apple," I heard the child's voice say as they reached the last step of the incline, and she offered the man a small apple, not so fine a one as she had to the horse.

"I b'live I would, my beauty. Thank ye; ye're a trump. I won't hit the old hoss again to-day, blamed if I will."

I rose from my seat under a tree, where I had retired to be out of the way, and to witness the proceedings. Below me was a long shed connected with a railway station. Here, no doubt, my little "deavorer" found her tired horses at evening waiting for whatever business the last train might bring them.

As one would suppose I found my call at the little home very pleasant. "Drama" was an unusual old lady, most kind, simple and sagacious. The child, always called "Dolly, dear," showed me treasures of dolls of varied colors, materials and names. With all her sweet graces of kindness and wonderful wisdom, she was full of all the simple gayety of a child, perhaps fuller of it because of those graces. I congratulated myself on having found such a little friend, and all Christian endeavor workers on having such a co-laborer. *When we can, in so childlike and trusting a spirit, work together with God, men will bear and forbear.*

### OH WELL MAY THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Oh well may the Indian hunter

Lie calm on his couch of skins,

When the pain of this world ceases

And the joy of the next begins,—

For on the Great Spirit's prairies,

Under blue skies of yore,

Are waiting his steed and his watch-dog,

To answer his call once more.

Blue hunting-grounds of the Red Man!

Cannot I dream the dream?

Surely my old companion

But waits till I cross the stream.

Waits, with a faithful yearning

"Almost akin to pain,"

Till, in some *lesser* heaven,

He bounds to my feet again.

### OCTOBER.

Along the wayside and up the hills

The goldenrod flames in the sun;

The blue-eyed gentian nods good-bye

To the sad little brooks that run.

In yellowing woods the chestnut drops;

The squirrel gets galore;

Though bright-eyed lads and little maids

Rob him of half his store.

The maple in the swamp begins

To flaunt in gold and red,

And in the elm the fire-bird's nest

Swings empty overhead.

The swallows and the bobolink

Are gone this many a day;

But in the morning still you hear

The scolding, swaggering jay!

A wonderful glory fills the air,

And big and bright is the sun;

A loving hand for the whole brown earth

A garment of beauty has spun.

### GERMAN HOMES.

German mothers are thoroughly maternal and affectionate; German fathers are generally forbearing and moderate, and singularly inclined to "domestication;" German children generally grow up, as by instinct, with an admirable mixture of filial reverence and affection. The Germans love large families; the more children the better, according to their philosophy of life. In their home life they seem continually but unconsciously to be contriving agreeable surprises for each other.

No people make more pleasure out of *fete* days, birthdays, wedding anniversaries, etc. The lowliest village schoolmaster's birthday is known to all his rustic flock, and his cottage on that day is a shrine of pilgrimage to all the little feet of the hamlet; flowers, books, cheeses, loaves of bread, embroidered slippers, chickens, geese, even young pigs, are showered upon him; he is decked with bouquets, and his humble home garlanded within and without; he is addressed in original doggerel, and serenaded with music and dancing. *And thus, also, fares the village pastor.* And all these things are done so heartily, so joyously, as to be evidently spontaneous, never ceremonious, as much a joy to the donors as to the recipients. Christmas and similar days are occasions of incredible festivities throughout Germany. Santa Claus has no better dominion.

REV. DR. STEVENS.

### MAGNETISM.

It is not generally known, but often, when a man's watch refuses to keep good time, the fact is due to the magnetism of his body, says the *New York Telegram*. This is vouched for by a well known jeweller who, in talking to a customer yesterday, declared the electricity in the body sometimes makes it impossible for a man to get any use from a watch that is not non-magnetic.

"I had one customer," the jeweller said, "who had trouble with his watch for years, and when he purchased a new and more expensive one he had no better luck. Finally, after he had left other jewellers in disgust, he came to me. I tested him with several watches, and then decided that the trouble was with him and not with the watches. He has a non-magnetic watch now, and it keeps perfect time."

"It is a thing I do not understand, but the electricity in the human body certainly has an effect upon watches. Generally the effect is too small to be noticed, but I know of one man who cannot carry an ordinary watch and keep it going. It invariably stops after he has worn it a few days and refuses to run. When I carry it it keeps excellent time. The magnetism in different persons varies to a marked degree, and often one man can carry a watch and have it keep good time, when another person would find the same watch useless. If a man has a good watch and it fails to keep good time he can be pretty sure it is because his body is too heavily charged with electricity."



FROM AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF GEO. T. ANGELL.

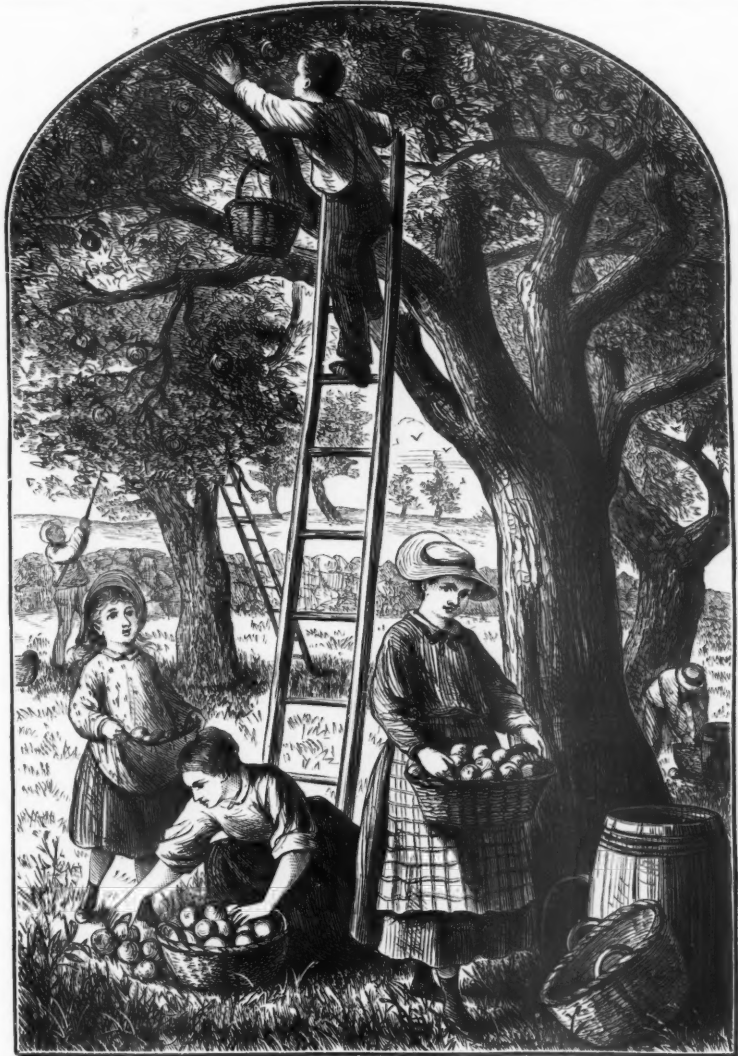
In last December's issue of "*Our Dumb Animals*" we gave an account of our first meeting with the directors of The Royal Society, London, to which we now add this:—

## THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

At the close of my address, I was introduced to the secretary of Miss (afterwards Baroness) Burdett-Coutts, who brought a written invitation from her ladyship to dine with her and a party of friends the next day at six o'clock, at her splendid country-mansion just out of London. I had suffered a good deal in crossing the ocean, was in very delicate health, could sleep but little nights, and was so weak that I was often dizzy when walking the streets. I considered the invitation a moment, and then told her secretary that I must decline the invitation to dine, but would, with her kind permission, drive out to her house at five o'clock, one hour before, and in that hour put before her my plans, which were to form a "*Ladies' Humane Education Society*," of which she should be president; which should enlist the best and foremost women of Great Britain, and through her and their influence lead perhaps to the forming of similar societies among the influential women of other nations; the object being to carry humane education for the protection of man and beast into the schools of all countries, also to prevent wars when possible, and, when not possible, then to introduce such humane regulations as should make the condition of the sick, wounded, and prisoners more tolerable.

I think I never saw any one who seemed more astonished than the gentlemanly secretary when I declined her ladyship's invitation to dine. It was probably the first instance of the kind within his experience. But the fact was, that my health and head were in such condition, that I probably could not have sat through a formal dinner. The secretary asked me to put in writing what I had said to him, which I did. Next day, June 15, I took a simple lunch, and then a cab to Holly Lodge, Highgate, her residence, where I arrived at five o'clock, and, ordering the cabman to stop, rang the bell. I was ushered into the mansion, and most kindly received. But her ladyship at once said to me that she had invited a party to meet me, and I must remain, after which she would send me to my lodgings.

I remained from five to about eleven p.m. I was invited to look over the beautiful grounds, but was compelled to decline as I did not feel able. I was then invited to see a fine collection of relics from Pompeii; but I did not feel well enough to look at these but a few moments, and then sat down. I was urged to take a seat at the dining-table, but was not equal to that. After dinner the party gathered around, and I had opportunity to tell my mission. It was an evening I shall never forget, nor some of the questions that were asked me by various persons. "Shall you see the Empress Eugenie in Paris about this?"—"Certainly, if Providence opens the way. I did not expect to be here to-night. I shall be glad to talk with the Empress if Providence opens the way."—"Is your American paper to be put on sale in England?"—"No, sir, it is to be given away. I want a similar one established here."—"Don't you want money to help carry on the work in America?"—"No, sir; I came to England to spend money, not to get it." And so on, question after question; until at last I said in substance this: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not well, and my only object in coming here to-night is this: I understand that Miss Burdett-Coutts [this was before she was Baroness] is perhaps the wealthiest woman in England, and one of the best. I think it in her power to accomplish more good than any woman has ever accomplished in all history, by entering upon this grand movement to carry humane education into the schools of all nations. I think she can enlist the best women of Great Britain, and then perhaps at the courts of France, Italy, Germany, Holland, and possibly other countries, to form similar organizations, and so bring an immense power to bear, not only in preventing cruelty to God's lower creatures, but also to even prevent or mitigate the severity of wars." Thus the evening passed away. I gave the Baroness a file of



GATHERING THE APPLES.

"*Our Dumb Animals*," and some books I had obtained in London; and at about eleven o'clock stood in the doorway, not knowing what impression I had made, to bid her good-by. "You will come and see me again, Mr. Angell, when you return from the Continent, will you not?" said Miss Coutts, as she took my hand. I thought a moment, and then said, "If anything is to be done about this business, and I can help you, I will come with pleasure; but, if nothing is to be done about it, I don't know why I should ever call again."

I did not understand Miss Coutts to promise anything. My present impression is, that she did not personally ask me any questions, only listened to what others said to me, and I to them; but she either did promise, or determined to and thought she did; for a few weeks later she wrote *The London Times* that she had promised an American gentleman, Mr. Angell, that she would do all she could to promote humane education, and would redeem that promise by calling upon all teachers, the Council of Education, and the National Society's Board of Education, to introduce humane teachings into the schools. This letter coming from a lady, who, next to the Queen, was probably more highly respected than any other in Great Britain, was widely republished, and of course attracted great attention. It first appeared in *The London Times* of Sept. 14, 1869.

## PARIS.

The inquiry, whether I should see Eugenie in Paris, led me to think that I would like to have an

interview with her and the Emperor for two purposes,—first, to put before her the same plans I had put before Miss Coutts; and second this: The Emperor had publicly declared, "*The Empire means peace*;" and it seemed to me, that if he could be induced to propose to the leading powers of Europe to disarm a certain equal percentage of their respective standing armies, say ten per cent. to begin with, one of two things must happen:—

Either his proposition would be accepted, and he would have in all future history the credit of having inaugurated this great movement; or it would be rejected, in which case he would have the almost equally great honor of having attempted its inauguration.

His Imperial Highness Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, cousin to the Emperor, resided at London, and was the first vice-president of the Royal Society P.C.A. Mr. Colam proposed to obtain for me from him letters of introduction to the Emperor and Empress. But his Imperial Highness was away. Time rolled on. Prince Napoleon of Paris shot and killed Victor Noir the French revolutionist; and then came thickly those troubles that ended only with the German war, the conquest of France, and the death of the Emperor. Even if I had received the letters of introduction, it was probably too late; for all Germany, as I afterwards learned, was at that moment one great military camp, ready to march at an hour's notice, even the surgical instruments for each regiment being carefully packed (as I was told by a German medical man), and ready for instant use.



Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for August, 1903.  
Fines and witness fees, \$41.25.

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

J. M. Wade, \$100; Miss Harrington, \$100; Mrs. E. W. Fiske, \$5; Mrs. Cornelia Warren, \$5; Miss Mary V. Polsey, \$5; Mrs. J. R. Weeks, \$5; Miss Louise Brainerd, \$1.08; Sundries, \$1.24; Mr. Waterman, \$0.50; Miss Cilley, \$0.25; Mrs. Vanderwood, \$0.25; Cash, \$0.10.

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Total, \$337.42.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

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S. N. Emerson, \$3.50; H. S. Hubbard, \$2; D. Young, \$2; Mrs. E. Sidgwick, \$1.75; Mrs. S. Wentworth, \$1.50; Mrs. C. Huston, \$0.75; Mrs. G. E. Reed, \$0.75.

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All others, \$4.55.

Total, \$57.80.

Sales of Publications, \$50.42.

Total, \$752.89.

Receipts of the American Humane Education Society for August.

Bequest of Miss Mary E. Deering, \$1,000; A. N. Y. friend, \$100; Quincy (Ill.) Humane Society, \$50; Dr. A. H. Robison, \$10.

Sales of Publications, \$14.14.

**Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle.**

**Do not let your cats or dogs disturb the sleep of your sick or well neighbors.**

[Belongs with picture on preceding page.]

## ENTERTAINMENT.

[Translation by C. T. Brooks.]

I stopped at an inn one day to dine;  
The host was a generous fellow;  
A golden apple for a sign  
Hung out on a branch, so mellow.

*It was the good old apple tree*

*Himself, so nobly dined me;*

*Sweet fare and sparkling juices he*

*Was pleased and proud to find me.*

To his green house came many a guest,

Light-winged and light-hearted;

They sang their best, they ate his best,

Then up they sprang and departed.

I found a bed to rest my head—

A bed of soft green clover;

The host a great, cool shadow spread

For a quilt, and covered me over.

*I asked him what I had to pay—*

*I saw his head shake slightly—*

*Oh, blest be he forever and aye*

*Who treated me so politely.*

UHLAND.

**Glory to God, Peace on Earth,  
Kindness, Justice and Mercy to  
Every Living Creature, are the  
words on the seal of our Ameri-  
can Humane Education Society.**

**Massachusetts has the first  
law in the world prohibiting  
vivisection in the schools.**

A nobleman, well known in society, while strolling one day round his stables came across his coachman's little boy on a seat, playing with his toys. After talking to the youngster a short time he said:  
"Well, my little man, do you know who I am?"  
"Oh, yes," replied the youngster, "you're the man who rides in father's carriage!"

Sacred Heart Review.

## "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "Our Dumb Animals" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is more seldom thrown into the waste-basket unread.

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